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No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor.

The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is sold complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood the Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel, "The Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon.

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This Range can be had with the latest and most improved Elevated or End Gas Range attachments. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of oven as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided.

Makes Cooking Easy.

Glenwood

Reynolds & Son, Barre

TWO RETURN TO FORMER SELVES

Illness Reveals to Kelly That 14 Years Ago He Was Rogers

SCOTT TELLS ALL TO WIFE

Scott, Rich Westerner, Quits Bride to Seek Wife—Rogers Now "Awakes" in Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 23.—Curious instances of lapses of memory covering long periods, have come to light simultaneously here Saturday in the stories of two men whose minds have been cleared by illness.

George Scott, a rich lumberman of Vancouver, supposed himself a bachelor until 1909, when he married. Now he suddenly remembers that twenty-six years ago he left a wife and children in Edinburgh, Scotland. The other case is that of S. Chandler Rogers, who was beaten so badly in New York fourteen years ago that he forgot his name. He drifted here and has been known as George Kelly. An operation has recalled him to himself.

In all the years that Scott was piling up a fortune he seemed heart proof until a musical comedy company visited Vancouver two years ago. He then capitulated to Jane Patterson of Allegheny, Pa., one of its members. Although their ages were far apart they lived happily. Scott finally met with an accident which fractured his skull and brought on, in addition, a serious illness, through which his wife nursed him.

Memory of his youthful domestic life came with his recovery. In telling his wife of it he said his name was always George Scott and that he never had a physical mishap or illness to explain a loss of memory. All the same his mind had been utterly blank as to the wife and babies in Scotland.

Mrs. Scott didn't question his good faith, but said his story dictated a plain course for her, through the divorce court. They talked it out thoroughly and it was finally arranged that she should bring action for divorce and Scott return to Scotland and learn what had become of his family. Should he find the first wife he must make proper amends to her. If she has died he will come back to Vancouver and the later Mrs. Scott will marry him again.

Rogers or Kelly was brought to the Providence hospital here on Oct. 10, suffering from an attack of acute insanity, with which he had been taken in his home in Fort Berkeley. The doctors found that a portion of the skull was pressing on the brain. Surgery soon relieved him and he became perfectly normal.

He called for pen and paper and wrote, "I am in hospital and all O. K.," addressing the envelope to Miss Florence Douels, No. 418 West Thirty-second street, New York. A postscript to the letter asked that Father Doherty of the Paulist society be sent to him.

Picking up a newspaper after he had finished his note, and seeing the date line "Seattle, Oct. 20, 1911," he turned wonderingly to Dr. Milton G. Storgis and his nurse and said: "Am I really in Seattle?" Then he broke down with a fit of sobbing.

He told his story when he had composed himself. The hospital staff think it one of the most remarkable on record. For fourteen years, he said, he did not know where he had been or what he had been doing. He was born in New York in 1880 and lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Douels, at No. 418 West Thirty-second street, New York. His name was S. Chandler Rogers.

On May 1, 1897, with a boy friend and two girls, he went to the theatre. Having seen his girl to her home he started to walk to his own. At Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue three men stopped him and asked for a match. He said he was no match factory and the men pounced on him. One struck him with a blackjack. The next he knew he was in the river, naked and swimming.

He said he remembered clutching at something in the river and being dragged out, but that was the last he knew of himself as Rogers until he awoke in the hospital after the skull pressure had been lifted from his brain.

MELVIN, LIFE PRISONER, COMMITS SUICIDE IN CELL

Cuts His Throat With a Razor in Cell in the State Prison at Charlestown.

Boston, Oct. 23.—Edward Melvin, 23 years old, a life convict in the Charlestown state prison, where he had been for a month, committed suicide in his cell yesterday, by cutting his throat with a razor.

Melvin was convicted for killing John Carey last December in a drunken quarrel over 20 cents.

HOLY GHOSTERS IN HOME PORT

Shipload of Religious Fanatics All Ill of Scurvy

SEVEN DIED ON LONG TRIP

From Coast of Africa—Sandford, Leader of the Sect, Arrested and Locked Up in a Civil Suit—Story of Many Hardships.

Portland, Me., Oct. 23.—The Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the Holy Ghost and Us sect, was arrested here Saturday afternoon on a civil writ alleging \$5,000 damages, and is now in the Cumberland county jail, unable to get \$10,000 bail asked for his delivery. Sandford's yacht Coronet, which has been reported several times in the past few months along the southern Atlantic coast as begging provisions from passing steamers, is in port, a sea-fouled and almost dismantled hulk.

Aboard the Coronet are fifty-four of the flock, men, women and children, all emaciated and weak, and some near death with scurvy. In this little 70-foot yacht these fifty-five human beings, including Sandford and his wife and five children, have been huddled for six months, through storms and all kinds of ocean hardships. All the way from the western coast of Africa they came. There to the thirty already on the yacht, thirty-three survivors from the wrecked Holy Ghost barkentine Kingdom were added. Seven died on the way home and were buried at sea, six men and a two-year-old child. This left aboard the Coronet when she finally made port Saturday thirty-one women and children and twenty-four men. Two of the men, John Cummings of Canada and John Bolster of Aroostook county, in this state, are so far gone with scurvy that they are mere skeletons, and they have been taken to the Marine hospital.

The Coronet crept into port at daylight Saturday morning under two storm tryalls. Every other sail on her has been torn to ribbons by the terrific gales she has encountered. Her hull is crusted with barnacles and foul with seaweed. Her entire party of men, women and children have taken turns at the pumps in three watch relays for many days, expecting each day that they would go to the bottom.

Huge waves finally smashed their lifeboats to kindling in a storm off Sable island three weeks ago, destroying their only means of escape if the water should gain too fast for the pumps.

To add to their hardships their food supplies gave out and only the opportune appearance of passing vessels saved them. Even in this dilemma, trusting in the Lord and refusing all aid as is their custom, they sailed on until they had lost both their topmasts and all their sails. Under jury rig, with the water gaining and the cabins flooded, they came up the coast.

The Coronet has not been seen since June 27, when she sailed from Annapolis, a port of Hayti. She was then two months out from Africa. When she came into port Saturday morning, she flew the yellow flag of quarantine and she was immediately boarded by the port officials, who found sanitary conditions almost intolerable.

In command of the Coronet is Capt. Everett Knight, only 24 years old. He refused to answer a question further than those absolutely required by the port officers, and all the crew maintained their customary silence.

It was found that the seven people who had died were: Ralph Merrill, aged 30, a missionary; Alden Day, 29, a cook; Benjamin Cook, 60, a taxidermist and native of England; George Hueghey, 46; Charles Hueghey, 35, and Stewart Wolf, 24, seamen, and Jales Sellick, aged two, son of the second officer, Charles A. Sellick. No record of the men's original residences was kept.

The civil writ on which Sandford was arrested Saturday night by Deputy Sheriff Arthur M. Pickett was issued by Judge George E. Bird of the supreme court on complaint of Mrs. Florence N. Whittaker of this city, a former member of the Holy Ghost colony, who asks \$5,000 damages for alleged detention aboard the barkentine Kingdom for six months from December, 1909, to June, 1910, when she was taken off on a writ of habeas corpus. The writ is returnable at the January term of the supreme court.

Connellan & Connellan, attorneys for Mrs. Whittaker, say they will also bring suits for her four minor children, who were on board the Kingdom with their mother. The father, the Rev. A. A. Whittaker, is still with Sandford, having refused to leave when his wife was taken away.

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE HELPS LAD CARRY BUNDLE

"Too Big a Load for a Small Boy," Says Jurist, Taking End of Great Package of Books.

Washington, Oct. 23.—As Chief Justice White of the United States supreme court was on his way to his office in the capitol Saturday morning, he came upon Harry Davidson, a court page, lugging a large package of books, court documents, tied together with a cord. The bundle was more than the lad could carry handily.

"The kitten carrying the cat," said Mr. White. "Let me help you." The chief justice hurried forward and caught hold of one end of the load and the boy went through the corridor and up the stair steps laughing and talking.

"Too much for a small boy," said Mr. White. "You must have help." John Marshall, the first chief justice, helped a frail woman carry her market basket home one day.

STAMBOUL IN FLAMES.

Thousand Houses Destroyed in Turkish Capital and Fire Still Raging.

Constantinople, Oct. 23.—A conflagration is raging in Stamboul. At the time of the filing of this message, 1,000 houses have been destroyed. It seems likely that it will be some time before the flames can be subdued.

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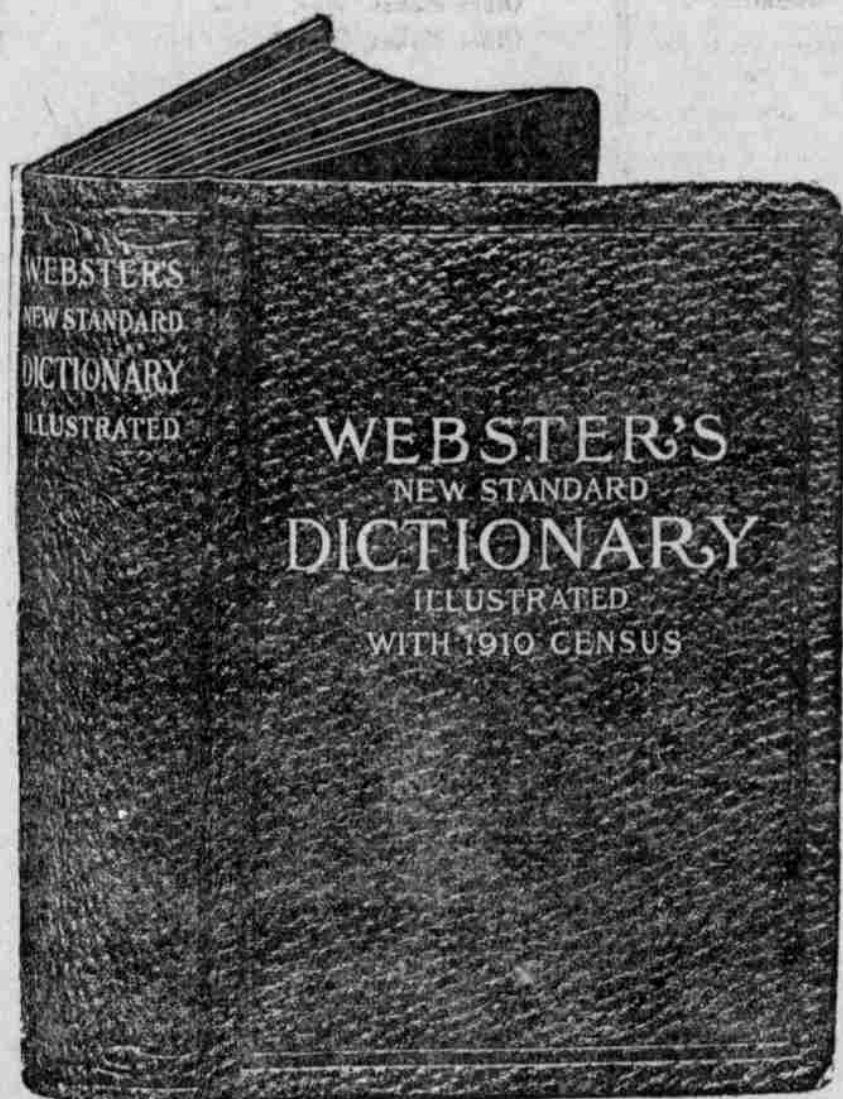
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SOME NEW WORDS

Look in the dictionary you use and see how many you can find of these, which have been incorporated in our language only yesterday, as it were. For instance: Aero, Aeroplane, Aviation, Aviator, Biplane, Triplane, etc., introduced as a result of recent aeronautical activity—also such new words as Brainstorm, Billiken, Cordite—also: Okapi, an animal allied to the Giraffe, and brought into prominence through ex-President Roosevelt's explorations in Africa—also Carburetor, Dietograph, Equilibrator, Ferrobronze, Gyro-car, Hangar, Hook-worm, Hydroplane, Ido (a new universal language), Krypton, Lettergram, Maximize, Moving-platform, Nickelodeon, Oslerize, Pinachromy, Plumcot, Preventorium, Radio-telephone, Safari, Stovaine, Taxicab, Taxi-meter, Telekino, Interne, Contretemps, Zemule, and thousands of others.

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